

# EL PASO HERALD

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"Whatever there be of sorrow I'll put off till tomorrow, and when tomorrow comes—why then, 'twill be today."—John Kendrick Bangs.

## Leading Facts About Your City

TAKE a map of the United States, with a compass or a piece of string or paper, describe a circle, taking as a radius the distance from El Paso to Yuma, Ariz., or from El Paso to San Antonio, Texas, approximately 600 miles by railroad travel; within this circle, more than 1,000,000 square miles in area there is no other city so large as El Paso, or so important commercially, either in the United States or in Mexico.

With the same radius of 600 miles by railway travel, take Knoxville, Tenn., as a center and describe a circle; this circle, of equal area to that in which El Paso absolutely dominates, embraces parts of 18 different states, 11 of them entirely; the circle passes through Chicago and Detroit on the north, Baltimore and Norfolk on the east, includes half of Florida with her two chief cities, passes through Little Rock, Ark., and encloses St. Louis.

East of El Paso opens out the empire of Texas, which produces a fourth of the world's cotton; west within El Paso's inner trade district lies the marvelously rich mineral district which produces one-fourth of the world's copper supply; north lies New Mexico, having more coal than any other commonwealth in the union, enough to supply the whole United States for the next 300 years; south just across the river boundary, lies Mexico, with 16,000,000 people, producing more silver than any other country in the world, and El Paso is the chief gateway; El Paso lies as a jewel richly set in the midst of the Rio Grande valley, 200 miles in length, to reclaim which the government is investing \$10,000,000 in the most extensive flood storage and irrigation project in the whole world.

No wonder El Paso has won, and deserves, the name of the most progressive city of her size in the United States. This city has a big responsibility to live up to—her population does not tell the story. El Paso must be considered relatively to the other cities and towns in that vast region known as the Great Southwest or El Paso's 1200 mile circle. And no other city of 40,000 in the United States is so well built, so thoroughly provided with modern city facilities, or so insistent upon those elements of community life that really make life worth living, ministering to the social, intellectual, spiritual, and physical needs of mankind, no less than to the purely commercial and material.

El Paso is essentially a city of homes. And of some 11,000 domiciles there are probably not 50 wooden houses. Over half of the houses are built of kiln brick, stone, or cement, the remainder of sun baked brick or plaster; wooden houses are practically unknown, and are prohibited by law throughout the city proper. The apartment house idea has not yet taken hold to a great extent, and the typical dwelling is the neat, well built, well kept family home of five to eight rooms, costing from \$2000 to \$10,000, and having plenty of space around it for privacy and play, and every possible convenience of modern city life.

The residence streets are broad, allowing for ample parking on both sides, so that actual distance across the streets between house walls averages over 100 feet. Many of the residence streets are paved with asphalt (Bitulithic process) or other permanent pavement, and those that are not surfaced with rock are carefully graded and graveled so that they never become rutty or remain wet any length of time. All the residence sections are well provided with electric car lines, and some of the most desirable residence tracts are miles from the business center. The general aspect of the residence sections is impressive for solidity, variety, and beauty. El Paso has hundreds of homes costing upwards of \$10,000 each, a dozen or more worth around \$20,000 each, and several which represent an investment of \$40,000 to \$50,000 each, illustrating the permanence of the city's growth, and the intense community interest of her people.

The first question usually asked by intending homesteaders in a strange city is, "What about your schools?" El Paso's public schools are the best equipped in the state; salaries paid to teachers are the highest in the United States with a very few exceptions, such as San Francisco and certain New England communities. With some \$700,000 worth of school property and equipment, a high school and 11 ward schools, El Paso spends \$200,000 a year to keep the system up to highest standards. El Paso was the first city in the south, and one of the first in the west (El Paso belongs to both, for this is the exact point where south and west meet and mingle) to establish free public kindergartens as an integral part of her school system. The manual training courses in El Paso's public schools are equal to those in any city thrice her size, and they are receiving a larger share of attention and financial support every year; they are essentially practical, the work among children of Spanish descent and among negroes (of whom El Paso has but a very small colony) being particularly notable for the directness of its application to useful employment. The grade schools follow modern methods and the teaching force is constantly engaged in voluntary efforts at self improvement. No city is more regardful of the health and welfare of its pupils; thorough medical and physical inspections are followed by strict requirements toward individual improvement of pupils, the influence of this up-to-date social service being hardly less upon parents than upon children. The courses in the high school grades lead to admission without examination to the principal colleges and universities, including such as Chicago and Leland Stanford and the splendid state university at Austin.

El Paso is well supplied with private and parochial schools and business schools. The El Paso School for Girls is equal in its standards of work and in the thoroughness of methods and of courses offered, to the best schools of the north, east, or west; the El Paso Military Institute has a magnificent equipment in buildings and lands and is carrying on a fine work for the boys and young men of two republics; there are several well established business colleges; and the Roman Catholic maintain a number of excellent parochial schools, especially for girls and very young boys. There are numerous competent teachers of instrumental and vocal music, elocution, and art. In agricultural and mechanical branches, El Paso has the benefit of the nearby New Mexico college of agriculture and mechanic arts, one of the best technical schools in the west.

El Paso church property is estimated at close to \$1,000,000, and there are nearly 40 churches and chapels representing a dozen different denominations. Each denomination has one or two churches of striking architectural type, costly and most modernly equipped, while the chapels are in many cases commodious and valuable properties. The churches have a large membership and possess much influence in the community.

Twenty-five secret and benevolent societies are represented in El Paso by nearly 50 lodges, in addition to which there are 35 societies and clubs of various sorts. Several of the social clubs have buildings of their own costing from \$30,000 to \$125,000 each. There are numerous business organizations, headed by the chamber of commerce with hundreds of members and a fine building. Sports and prize stock occupy the attention of several clubs, including the Country club, and gun, kennel, poultry, driving, and automobile clubs. There are religious clubs, state clubs, college alumni associations, and professional societies. The Y. M. C. A. has a magnificent building costing \$125,000, serving 800 members; and the Y. W. C. A. has not only commodious and well equipped downtown club rooms and cafe, but also a fine boarding home for working girls. There are 30 labor organizations representing the majority of workers in the various trades.

El Paso has a public library of 10,000 titles, and numerous private and professional libraries of great value. There are two principal theaters, three or four vaudeville and stock houses, and numerous moving picture establishments. El Paso has many musicians of high attainments, who have had the benefit of extensive study in Europe or under the best American teachers; the city is active musically, and private and public concerts afford much pleasure.

El Paso has 12 parks, well distributed, and is planning a much more extensive system; a 40 acre amusement park is owned by the city, and the annual park budget is over \$25,000, showing keen appreciation of necessity and benefit. This city has a larger proportion of its domiciles connected with public free sanitary sewer system than any other city of its size in the south or west. The health department of the city and county governments is thoroughly organized and efficient. Diseases of filth and infection among adults are rare. The city

has under construction a modern plant for the sanitary disposal of sewage and garbage; the garbage collection service has been for years performed free by the city, and trash is removed by the city for a nominal fee. El Paso has a charity organization of nearly 200 members as efficient as any in the United States, and this is one of the very few cities with a thoroughly equipped and expertly directed service for reducing infant mortality and instructing the mothers of the poor in right living. The Woman's Charity association's School for Mothers, receiving financial support from the city and county, maintains throughout the year a school for mothers, a system of district visiting and nursing, a baby clinic, a milk depot, ice depot, children's clubs, a county dispensary, permanent exhibit of aids to right living and rearing healthy children, sewing classes, and a relief department conducting on modern right lines, besides promoting endeavor in other lines toward bettering conditions of living for the masses of the people. Illustrating the extent of this work, the association's report shows an average, per month, of 216 visits to homes and 400 children's cases treated. Other organizations maintain a model sanatorium for sick babies, at Cloudcroft, a beautiful mountain resort near El Paso; and a day nursery in El Paso.

El Paso has eight hospitals, three of which represent values of \$500,000 in land and buildings. The climate of El Paso is equable, mild, but crisp and invigorating in winter, sunshiny nearly always (only 36 cloudy days a year), and never debilitating in summer owing to the rare atmosphere at this altitude (nearly 4000 feet) and the almost entire absence of humidity. To escape the more extreme heat of summer, however, El Paso possesses in the wonderful resort known as Cloudcroft, 9000 feet above the sea amid dense forests of balsam, spruce, and pine, a priceless boon; here hundreds have their summer homes, and the trip of a few hours is a quick and delightful relief at the week end; at any hour of any day, on the average, the temperature at Cloudcroft is about 30 degrees below that at El Paso, so that in a few hours, at will, one may pass from summer heat at 90 or 95 degrees to cool days and even cold nights in the middle of summer—there was snow at Cloudcroft in May, 1910, and in July, 1909, and open fires are comfortable there throughout the summer.

El Paso is one of the best governed cities in the country, having been one of the first in the United States to adopt (four years ago) the so-called commission form of government. The city is remarkably free from crime, disorder and lawlessness of any kind, notwithstanding its position at the international border makes it peculiarly liable to suffer from abuse of privilege by transients. There is no public table gambling, vice is kept in suppression, and saloons are generally closed at midnight and on Sundays. Public sentiment is alert, and open lawlessness would not be tolerated. Ordinances for the public peace and safety are efficiently enforced. There is a full paid fire department supplemented by a limited volunteer service, and nine fire companies with the best modern apparatus, including three steamers and an automobile chemical besides other chemicals and hose wagons and ladder trucks, afford excellent protection. El Paso has a fire marshal and carefully drawn building and fire ordinances.

Municipal waterworks representing an investment of \$1,000,000 and now being extended at a cost of nearly \$400,000 more, furnish to the city an abundance of exceedingly pure soft water from wells 500 feet deep six miles from the city in a location that will never be polluted by man; thus a problem which sorely vexes most cities is solved here for many years to come, to the great gain of the public health and industrial prosperity. El Paso has every utility of modern city life; 35 miles of electric car lines with universal transfers; over 800 arc lamps for public street lighting; 6000 telephones in use; 425,000 square yards of first class paved streets other than gravel or ordinary macadam; thorough postal system with several substations and numerous carrier trips into every section; long distance telephones to everywhere, and two telegraph companies; gas for light and heat.

Retail and wholesale stores in every line supply the needs of the people at prices no higher than those prevailing in northern and eastern cities, notwithstanding the longer freight haul; El Paso gets the benefit of very favorable railroad rates by reason of her strategic position, and the people profit by it. The aspect of the business streets, lined with big modern buildings and brilliant store window displays, is quite metropolitan. El Paso invested \$3,000,000 last year in new buildings, and the skyline is changing rapidly. El Paso has 40 hotels and large rooming houses, and can take care of thousands of transients at one time; excellent restaurants are found in every block in the business district, this city being notable for the many places to dine well and dine cheaply. Plans are under way to erect a fine modern hotel to cost upwards of \$700,000, to take care of the large and constantly growing transient and resort patronage.

El Paso city's assessed valuation (on a basis of about 50 percent true value) is \$31,300,000, having doubled in four years owing to the large investments of new capital and the extraordinary growth of the city—147 percent increase since the 1900 census, placing El Paso officially (census report) twelfth in the list of all American cities arranged according to the rate of growth during the decade. The seven banks of El Paso have nearly \$13,000,000 resources, and clearings in 1910 totaled \$54,000,000, over \$1,000,000 a week.

Many large industries, such as the great silver-lead-copper smelter, portland cement plant, several foundries, railroad carshops, and scores of miscellaneous manufacturing industries, give employment to many thousands of workers, and form an important factor in El Paso's prosperity and growth. Real estate values are stable, steadily advancing, and have never in the history of the city, had a setback; El Paso has never had a boom, and has never taken a backward step.

As a place of permanent residence or investment, or as a place affording much pleasurable interest to the tourist (only five minutes to Mexico, fare 5 cents), El Paso offers advantages as wide as the 1200 mile circle within which she stands supreme, and as numerous as the sands of the ancient "desert," which her neighbors are banishing forever with the plow.

The liberal mining laws of the United States have had much to do with the steady and substantial development of the west. They could be improved in detail, but they have accomplished their purpose, to encourage, not prevent, the developing of our mineral resources. Texas needs a dose of the same kind of medicine. The current issue of The Mining and Scientific Press has an editorial emphasizing some of the facts brought out clearly by Martin Fishback in his article printed in yesterday's Herald, which was written a week ago. The conclusions of this editorial writer are strikingly in accord with those of The Herald contributor, and both are applicable to the present situation in Texas.

## A Desperate Remedy

By Pierre Legrand.

THE lecture was over and Prof. Paul Melagny gathered up his papers while his audience prepared to leave the hall. The tour of the university professors through the provincial towns had only recently been extended to take in Dornes, and the attempt had been a great success. Melagny reached the door and stood there as the audience passed out. When the last lady had left, he sighed and went to his hotel.

"Mademoiselle Lorez must have gotten away from me," he thought. "Surely she must have been there today. I should have liked to talk with her before I return to Paris."

The young lady of whom he was thinking had already reached her home. In the hall she met her father. Pauline, I have a very serious matter to discuss with you. It is like this," he said, as they stood in front of the fireplace. "I have had considerable worry about lately. Some months ago I had to mortgage our house and furniture, and I shall be bankrupt, if I cannot raise 5000 francs within two months. Your uncle George is so eccentric that if he had the least suspicion that I am hard up, he will surely never leave me anything. I am so anxious to raise the money, for if I fail before he dies—the doctor says he cannot live two months—I would like to dishonor him. Now, I would like to find a rich husband for you, Pauline. Then, you at least, would be off my mind and perhaps you might be able to help your poor father."

Pauline laughed. "At least you might have the wedding presents," she said. "Lorez stood silent for a moment. Then he exclaimed: 'I have it!'"

"What do you mean?" "It is very simple. We send out invitations for your wedding. You are to marry somebody, a fictitious person might do. Presents will pour in, and then the wedding will suddenly be postponed for some reason. In the meantime I turn the presents into cash. I arrange my business matters, uncle George dies and everything will be all right."

"But that would be swindling, father."

"Oh, never mind! Everything goes when you are about to go bankrupt, and besides we can redeem the presents with the money we get after uncle George dies and send them back when the engagement is broken off. Surely you can't say anything against that."

"Just that I think it is abominable."

and that I will never do it." "No, of course not. I might have expected that. I have worked and slaved for you all these years and denied myself everything, yet you refuse to help me. Even your attendance at the lecture meant denial on my part."

"It was the last lecture today," she said with a blush. "The last! Then that Prof. Melagny, is not that his name, has left? Let him come to the room. Pauline, he will never know anything about it. That is a splendid idea."

"I tell you, father, that I will have nothing to do with it," said Pauline, red with anger. "But you must help me, Pauline," he said. "You don't mean to say that you will calmly see me ruined? You will never be found out, it is only for a month or two, anyway."

"But I cannot do what you ask, father."

"Oh, nonsense. You will soon get used to it. We will begin right away tomorrow. I want you to be ready, possible to know about it. I think we can do no better than give mademoiselle Dubois a hint."

Pauline quite agreed with this last remark, for mademoiselle Cynthia Dubois, a spinster of uncertain age, was the living newspaper of the town. "I will just drop in after dinner and tell her," M. Lorez continued. "We will fix the date seven weeks from today, and who knows what may happen before that time? I knew you would not refuse to help me out."

But Pauline was anything but happy, though she gave in, because she saw there was nothing else to do. Nothing in the whole plan had hurt her feelings so much as to have Prof. Melagny's name brought into it. She blushed with shame, when she thought that he might hear about it. But it was too late to draw back now, she must be ready to get rid of the many callers, she knew would come.

M. Lorez returned in excellent humor. "Mlle. Dubois was delighted and asked me about the wedding present. She will call here tomorrow to see you."

Lorez was right when he said it was a good idea to tell Mlle. Dubois. In a week the whole town knew about the wedding, long before the cards of invitation were sent out. Presents came from everywhere and many of them were very valuable.

Time passed and the wedding was only a week off. Lorez had just planned to send out word that the groom had been taken ill, when Mlle. Dubois dropped in for her usual forenoon visit.

"Pauline, dear," she said, "I do not understand why you have not told me about it. What a naughty man to

## UNCLE WALT'S Denatured Poem

I'M rather tired of Dr. Cook. I don't intend to read his book, or any dope that he may spring concerning all his voyaging. I'd rather read some simple tale about a man who drives a nail, or saws a board or fixes flues, and buys his kids a round of shoes. Between ourselves, it is a shame, how cheap men ply their dizzy game, and pile up bundles of long green by gabbling in some magazine. I stand up strong for Richard Roe who earns a modest slice of dough, by shoeing mules or mowing grass, or fussing round with window-glass. All through the week I feel the coils and sweats; on Saturdays he pays his debts. He spends his honest, useful life obscurely, with his kids and wife. One quiet man like Richard Roe, who fixes clocks or shovels snow, or tires his fingers binding books, is worth a whole parade of Cooks. It makes no odds to any soul how near the doc was to the pole; it makes no odds to any man what queer delusions filled his can; it makes no odds what Eskimos for gumdrops gave their shoes and clothes. The only thing that counts on earth, the only thing of sterling worth, is work; by this I do not mean the working of some magazine.

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## Leprosy, Incurable and Revolting, Has Been Dreaded Through Centuries

Modern Methods Do Much to Lessen Its Progress.

LEPROSY has been known and justly dreaded from the earliest ages, and no country on the face of the globe is without its victims. Because of its incurable and lingering nature, and the revolting aspect of those far gone in its attacks, leprosy has probably excited more shrinking terror and physical horror than any other of the great scourges which have swept their millions into eternity.

The Old and the New Testaments contain nearly two-score references to leprosy. But there again, as with an ancient profane writers, the allusions undoubtedly include other or similar skin disorders. Nevertheless enough may be gathered from the sacred records to show that true leprosy was frightfully prevalent and one of the human scourges of those times. No class or condition was exempt. The hovel and the palace, the shepherd and the patrician, the agriculturist and the city dweller, furnished their quota of true lepers. Uziah the king was a leper, and Azariah, we are told, "was a leper to his death;" while the story of Naaman, the Syrian general, and his miraculous cure from leprosy by Elisha, through the simple process of bathing seven times in the river Jordan, forms one of the most dramatic episodes in the Second Book of Kings, although some modern commentators have questioned whether the man of war was a true leper. Cases of leprosy are mentioned in Holy Writ, which would indicate that the afflicted suffered from some other and similar disorder, since we now know that recovery and cure in true leprosy are impossible.

### Dread of Contagion.

How great was the dread of contagion in Bible times and indeed throughout the ages, is shown by the fact that combine business and pleasure that way. "What do you mean?" asked Pauline anxiously. "Oh, you know well enough. But why do you let him give a lecture here the day before the wedding? Didn't you know? He has promised to come here and give one more lecture before he goes to New York."

"Oh, of course," Pauline replied, "but I have such a splitting headache that I did not quite follow you." Mlle. Dubois left and Pauline went in to see her father.

"What are we to do?" she moaned. "He is coming back here before he goes to New York and he is sure to find out all about it."

"That is exceedingly unfortunate. I admit," M. Lorez replied, "but I will find a way; I will telegraph him right now to stop with us and we will keep him away from everybody. He will not hear a word about it. On the morning of the wedding day he will leave on the early morning train and we will say that his mother was suddenly taken ill."

Everything went as planned, though Pauline was terribly confused when Prof. Melagny arrived at her home. The day of the lecture she pretended not to be feeling well and Lorez went with him alone, much to the young professor's annoyance, and took good care that he did not talk to any of the audience. The dinner after the lecture went well, but alas, the best laid plans of mice and men often go awry.

Immediately after dinner Mlle. Dubois arrived. Poor Pauline almost fainted. She had no time to say anything, for Mlle. Dubois rushed into the sitting room and exclaimed: "Oh, Pauline, dear, my cook has suddenly got a fit and quite upset me. May I stay here for a little while? I know it is a very awkward time to call when you must have so much to do, and you, too, probably have a headache."

"Why, I have not a thing to do. My trunk is packed and I leave on the early train."

"But you cannot leave before the guests have arrived."

"If the guests arrive early, perhaps not."

"I thought his host might be expecting guests for luncheon."

"Oh, that is so, now I remember there was no time set on the invitation cards, Pauline," and she produced her card.

"That woman!" Lorez thought, and jumped to his feet. "Just a moment, Mlle. Dubois. I would like to have a word with you alone in regard to Pauline's trousseau."

"Very much against her will he carried her off, but not until the worst had happened. Mlle. Dubois had put her card on the table and Melagny thoughtlessly picked it up. He noticed his own name on it and he looked up just in time to seize the fainting Pauline."

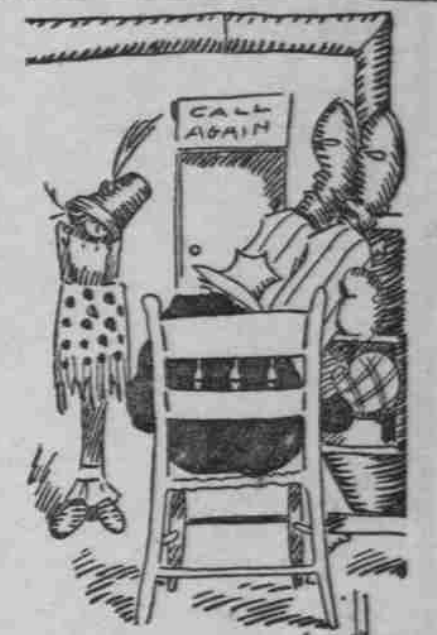
Gathering all her will power, she whispered: "I think I had better tell you the whole miserable affair."

Half an hour later Lorez entered with a telegram.

"I suppose my daughter has told you everything, Prof. Melagny. She had no part in this and I ask you to forgive her. Pauline, dear, I can never repay you for what you have done for me. This telegram informs me that uncle George has died, and that I am his sole heir. We can now return the presents—and perhaps make some amends to the professor. Professor this is the most humiliating—"

"I beg your pardon," said Melagny, with a smile. "Pauline has made the only amends possible. We will keep the presents."

## Abe Martin



Dr. Mopps answered a hypocritical question of 3750 words yesterday in the case of Tipton Bud, who was hit on the head with a tea cup. Uncle Niles Turner claims 't' have once read a president's message.

## 14 Years Ago Today

From The Herald Of This Date 1897

W. T. Hixson, who has been up to Las Vegas, returned today.

J. Bunsick and Miss Sarah Berk were married yesterday by Judge Harper.

Charlie Laver has gone to Monterey. Miss Annie Mayhill has returned from Hillsboro.

Alderman J. I. Stewart has returned from a successful wild boar hunt in the Arizona mountains.

Nearly \$1000 has been subscribed for association work at the Y. M. C. A. The amount needed is \$2500.

The Royal Benefit society will hold an organization meeting at the office of Dr. Schugt Monday night.

There were 60 passengers on last night's west bound flyer. Business is increasing on this favorite service.

W. W. Turney, senator from this district at Austin, has been made a member of the mining and irrigation and stock and crowd raising committees.

Mrs. Jack Crawford and daughter, May, returned to San Marcial this noon after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Crawford's daughter, Mrs. D. W. Heckhart.

Work is being pushed at the corner of Overland and South Oregon streets for the new building to be erected by B. F. Hammett, president of the Campbell Real Estate company.

Zeke Newman and W. D. Howe started to attend the Ft. Bliss show the other night, but were somewhat, as it were, delayed, or words to that effect. Zeke had got in the buggy and Mr. Howe was about to precipitate himself in, when the horse plunged and ran away. Another horse was secured later and the drive made to the fort. When the dance was over and they were ready to leave, they found to their dismay that the horse had pulled up the hitching post and left. They borrowed wheels and rode home.

## ABETTING HIS RESOLVE

By Kenne Harris.

"I will be next year in about 35 minutes from now," remarked Eddie, straining his eyes at his watch in the comfortable gloom of the cozy corner.

"Then it's time we went back to the other side of the girl, half rising. 'Of course, if you don't feel interested in what I was about to confide'—Eddie sighed dolorously.

"Oh, but I do, Eddie," declared the girl. "You know that I do. I just love to have people confide in me. It's fascinating."

"Hm—hm," said Eddie. "Was it that bad habit that you were going to swear off?"

"I'm not sure that I want to," replied the young man, seriously. "How did you get it?" she whispered, coaxingly. "Please tell me."

"In the way one gets most habits, I suppose," he answered. "By degrees. I didn't have to acquire the taste in the usual sense of the word. It was very pleasant from the beginning."

"Worse Than Drink." "Is it?" she hesitated. "Is it drink, Eddie?"

"It's not drink," he assured her. "Still, I've known people who considered it worse than that."

"You see," he went on nervously, conscious of her eager attention. "You see I thought I could depend upon my will power at any time. I was quite confident that I would take it off. Let it alone as I sought fit. One day I tried to do without it and the feeling of uneasiness and emptiness that came over me right away was simply awful. Simply awful!"

"Poor boy!" murmured the girl sympathetically. "Was it—?"

"I thought it might be a form of dyspepsia," said Eddie. "I told the corner druggist about how I felt and he gave me something that he guaranteed to cure, but it did me no good. Then I began again and I felt it directly—exhilarated, don't you know? I ought to have realized then how awfully near the slope of descent I was, but I didn't."

His hand made a little involuntary movement toward his, but was quickly withdrawn.

Fascination.

"Not then, at least," continued Eddie. "It wasn't until I was obliged to be away from town where I couldn't indulge myself for three whole days that I really understood what was the matter with me. Then I sat down and looked it squarely in the face—and Sallie, the more I looked at it—the better I liked it."

"How perfectly awful, Eddie!" gasped the girl. "Eddie, is it—?"

"It's not opium," he replied, "nor hashish, though it has something of the same effect. Periods of exalta-

tion, beautiful visions and all that sort of thing, followed by fits of depression and even despair, don't you know. 'Eddie,' said the girl, 'I don't know whether you are telling the truth or what. I can hardly believe it, because you don't look it, and if there is anything like that, other people always come and tell me.'

"It was no one ever told you?" "No one has ever hinted at such a thing."

"I've tried to conceal it, of course," said Eddie, "but I'm quite sure that I have never always been successful. One man I know taxed me with it, and I had to own up. He advised a hair of the—er—the well, he had a theory that a cure could be effected by continual and persistent indulgence."

Seeking Help.

"He said he knew cases where the victim followed that course, and in a few weeks turned with positive aversion from what he had previously considered necessary to his existence. I'd have tried that, but I couldn't."

"Why not?" she asked. "I wouldn't have been allowed. I was pressing the limit as it was," he replied, emphatically. "Besides that, mine isn't that sort of a case at all. Quite the reverse. Well, anyway, I made up my mind that I'd throw off the shackled New Year's, if possible, and if I could get you to help me."

"You know there's no 'if' about that last, Eddie," she said, earnestly. "You ought to be able to count on my friendship. But you haven't told me what it is yet."

"It's you," said Eddie. "Oh!" said the girl. "I'm a habit, am I? Then cheer up, because you haven't got me by any means. So you won't even have to swear off."

"Don't misunderstand me," begged Eddie. "I just want to swear off the habit of calling on you seven nights each week. You can't deny that I've got that."

"I shall not be at home after this. That ought to help you quite a little," said the girl. "Now we're going back to—"

"Wait a moment," persisted Eddie. "The point is that I want you to be at home and be at home myself at the same time, and to see you just the same, only more so. Same little old home, Sallie dear. Won't you help me?"